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SHEEHAN'S TRAINED MONKEY.



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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**CONCERNING
THE MACHINE'S
LATEST MOVE.**

THE NEW YORK State Machine has made its first open attack upon the Cleveland administration. The move demonstrated both the strength and the weakness of the Machine. The Legislature and the Governor of the State were shown to be its tools. The people, however, surprising as it may seem, appear to have been pretty thoroughly aroused to a sense of the indignity. Whether they will express their resentment effectively at the next election, remains to be seen. The assault was led by Lieutenant-Governor Sheehan. By methods that characterize the felonious abstraction of purses, jewelry and watches from the persons of their owners, he secured the enactment of a law giving him a firm hold upon the lucrative end of Buffalo politics. The power of appointing the Police and Excise Commissioners of that city was diverted from the Mayor to the Mayor and two of Mr. Sheehan's henchmen. The Mayor being a Cleveland Democrat, it will be surmised that his would not have been the ruling voice in the functions of the trio. Charges preferred against one of the Sheehan men secured his prompt suspension from office. Mr. Sheehan thereupon rose to the dignity of a highwayman. A second bill, which gave exclusively to a Sheehan man the appointive power in question, was forced by him through both houses of the Legislature in a manner that would have brought a blush of shamed admiration to the cheek of Jesse James. Mr. Sheehan has triumphed for the moment, but, let us hope, at the loss of his power. "Sneak-thief" is one of the milder epithets that the people of Buffalo unite in applying to him.

A few short months ago Governor Flower expressed himself as being profanely indifferent to votes. In the matter of this Sheehan legislation his expressed indifference is peculiarly emphasized. He has shown that he must be utterly indifferent to the votes of decent people; and he has shown that he stands ready to buy the support of the Machine with his reputation for honesty. In reply to a communication from the "Citizens' Association" of Buffalo, asking that he withhold his approval of the second and more iniquitous of Sheehan's bills until charges against the man who would act under it could be investigated, Governor Flower replied that "The dignity of the law-making branch of the Government is not to be insulted by hastily planned and arbitrary efforts on the part of the local authorities, to nullify the laws of the state." If the Governor were not such a dull-witted fellow, we should suspect him of sarcasm. The rest of his letter, however, which is a pitiful defense of his act, shows that he is

fearfully in earnest. Governor Flower's intelligence is not of the highest order. Even his best friends admit his need of a "discreet mentor" in the discharge of his duties. Discretion was not required in this case. A mentor with a little ordinary horse-sense would have warned the Governor that to connive at this cowardly piece of legislation was to declare himself the willing tool of organized corruption.

We regard this onslaught by Mr. Sheehan as a cheering sign of the times. He made it just after his return from Washington, where he had gone, presumably, upon the matter of Federal patronage. The promptness of the attack proves that the administration refused to pay tribute to the Machine. Its barefaced audacity proves that the Machine is in desperate straits. The situation in New York, as shown by the last session of the Legislature and the moral degeneration of Governor Flower, demands a radical change. This demand is simplified by the certainty that almost any change would prove beneficial. It would hardly be possible to deliver the state to men who would treat it worse. If the people who are now so vigorously denouncing Sheehan and his methods will go to the polls at the next election and vote as vigorously for better men, regardless of political creeds, machine rule in New York will be ended.

**CONCERNING
HAWAIIAN
ANNEXATION.**

The attempts of Republican newspapers to arouse a rumble of popular indignation against President Cleveland, for his course in the Hawaiian matter, have been half-hearted and wholly ineffectual.

It is uphill work, trying to convince the people that any President, whatever his politics may be, will not jealously guard the Nation's rights abroad. These humorous editorials have denounced the President for "hauling down Old Glory." They paint him as a vile hearted traitor who hates his country, and who only awaits an opportunity to work its ruin. The most of these screeds are as funny as an editorial in the *Iowa State Register*. The amusing part of it is that if the Nation's honor were really threatened there is not one of these papers but would uphold the President in his efforts to shield it. Every one of them is convinced of his high-minded patriotism; not one would question his loyalty. His order that our flag be lowered and our naval forces withdrawn from Honolulu was but the consummation of President Harrison's disavowal of Minister Stevens's ill-advised act. Further, this course was necessary before any treaty negotiations could be had. President Cleveland's rational method of handling the matter forms a pleasant contrast to the foolish course of his predecessor, who tried to rush through a treaty of annexation when the facts were wholly obscured by contradictory reports; and when it was obvious that only a personal investigation could elicit the truth. If we finally "square out" our territory by the acquisition of Hawaii, we may be sure that the proceedings were dictated by rational deliberation.

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THE NEW ERA.



H! REV. DR. RAINSFORD, do the waggish papers lie?
Is it all a blooming fable? Is it all a blooming guy?
Or have you been summoned really (most remarkable of calls)

To establish sacred gin-mills and religious music-halls?

Have you buckled on your armor, Beelzebub to boldly dare

In his very deepest stronghold, and attempt to worst him there?

Do you think the ancient reprobate will penitently sigh,

If you wrestle to convert him — o'er a bottleful of rye?

Do you want our budding youth to feast on homiletic cheer,

And wash down the holy lessons with their foamy mugs of beer?

Do you want the boggy toper, whose converted soul you win,

To attest his reformation — in a glass of Old Tom gin?

Would you have the contrite sportsman (when the anomaly appears)

Open up a case of wine, that it may mingle with his tears?

And the giddy girl you ransom take the penitential stand,

And narrate her blest experience — with a cocktail in her hand?

Oh! Rev. Dr. Rainsford, if my friendly tip you heed,

I am sure your darling project will prodigiously succeed,

And you'll always have a full house, and your flock hilarious be,

If you only serve your whiskey, as you serve salvation, free!

John Ludlow.

THE DISCONTENTED waiters should adopt a moustache-cup as the emblem of their organization.



PRECAUTION.

WIFE.—Why, Charles, what do you mean by burning our old love letters?

HUSBAND.—I have been reading them, my dear. After I die, some one who wished to break my will might get hold of them and use them to prove I was insane.



HAD N'T HEARD IT.

MISS AVNUE.—Are you musical, Mr. Stalate?

MR. STALATE.—Er—no, not exactly; but I have a very good ear for time.

MISS AVNUE.—Oh! have you, indeed?—was that eleven or twelve that struck then?

NO JOKE.

MRS. PERFECTO.—I don't see what there is funny in all these jokes the papers are printing about women buying bad cigars for their husbands.

MR. PERFECTO.—You don't, eh? Ha! ha!—a woman never can see a joke.

MRS. PERFECTO.—Perhaps not, dear; but you did n't laugh a bit that night your political club gave you a surprise serenade and I had provided those great, big cigars wrapped up in gold leaf, to give to them.



ENCOURAGING.

STRUGGLING AUTHOR (*who has just read his last story to his wife*).—There! that's the best thing I ever did.

HIS WIFE.—Yes, dear; what magazine shall you send it to first?

HAD A RING, TOO.

MRS. HICKS.—What nonsense the papers do print! Here is a story about a prize fight, headed, "The Best Man Won."

HICKS.—Well, what about it?

MRS. HICKS.—The idea of having a "best man" at a prize fight!

THE TELEGRAPHY OF MARRIAGE.

CARRIE NEWS.—I understood Clara Vane had quite a dot when she married young Dickerbocker.

YOUNG HYSON.—Yes; but they cut such a dash the first year they were married that there is nothing left.

[T'S NICE to have the girl you love present you with a present, But when you can't make out its use it is n't quite so pleasant.

PLAYING 'POSSUM—Rabbits in Some Restaurants.

[T is getting along toward the time of year when the mercury begins to meditate upon how much room there is at the top.

PERFECTLY EQUIPPED.

"He is master of the art of conducting a drawing-room conversation."

"Yes. He used to be head clerk in the Weather Bureau."

?

If a body meet a body
Coming through the rye,
Can't a body kiss a body
For fear of bacilli?



AN AWFUL THREAT.

FLOHR WALKER.—Where is Miss Prettymiss this morning?

MISS VALENCINES.—Oh, she has n't got down yet. Perhaps there has been another delay to the subur—

FLOHR WALKER.—Ah, here she comes. Miss Prettymiss, if this tardiness on your part continues, I shall be compelled to place you at the remnant counter.



THE JOKE ON M. PEPTONNEAU.

Retold from the French of M. GUY DE MAUPASSANT

by H. C. BUNNER.

AT PRECISELY half-past five o'clock every afternoon, except Sundays, M. Peptonneau descended the stairs of the editorial office of the *Courrier Méridional*, buttoning up his long black frock coat, drawing on his cotton gloves, and setting his napless but still respectable old chimney-pot hat straight upon his head; to perform which office he used both hands with all the dignity and deliberation of a monarch adjusting his crown. M. Peptonneau had old hands, gnarled and twisted with many years of pen-holding. When he left the office he looked neither to the right nor to the left of him, and if by chance he returned the rare salutation of a friend, it was absent-mindedly, almost mechanically, as we bow when, in some foreign hotel, we become sufficiently familiar with a few faces to pick them out of the crowd of strangers.

Straight before him went M. Peptonneau, with his green silk umbrella under his arm, down the long provincial boulevard, so thronged at this hour that if it had not been for the loud Southern voices and the broad Southern shoulders in their loosely fitting Southern coats, you would almost have said you were in some unfamiliar corner of Paris. At the corner of the public square he turned to the left and crossed the old stone bridge over the rushing and noisy little river. Reaching the other side, he traversed a region of narrow, dark, water-side streets, going past the silent fronts of great stone warehouses, with all their windows closed and barred, past malodorous tallow chanderies, past ships, supply stores, smelling pleasantly of oakum and pitch, and past black coal-yards, where an offensive, acrid dust floated out upon the air, causing the eyes to smart, and choking the lungs with a flavor of illuminating gas.

Soon began to appear the shops of the transpontine quarter where M. Peptonneau lived—humble establishments that supplied the daily needs and the occasional luxuries of people of narrow means and homely tastes. These places transacted much of their business upon the sidewalk, and their front-doors stood always open. The evening wind, which blew their flickering gaslights to and fro, carried along the whole street a slight odor of garlic. At one or two of the more prosperous of these places M. Peptonneau stopped to make a few modest purchases—tripe, headcheese, and a little can of American oysters. At each place he called the shop-keeper pleasantly by his Christian name, and was answered with a respectful "Good-evening, M. Peptonneau," which showed that he was a person of consideration in the quarter. When he had finished his business he walked on, carrying his purchases to his home, a comfortable apartment three flights up, over a tailor-shop of a rather more imposing character than most of the stores in the neighborhood, where he dwelt with Madame Peptonneau. They had been married nearly forty years, and had one married daughter. They were both eminently respectable, M. Peptonneau forming the head of the professional society of the suburb, which, otherwise, consisted of the doctor, the notary, and a retired professor of heraldry. They were known to be thrifty, and were reported well-to-do, even rich.

M. Peptonneau united in himself the professions of journalist, scientist and agriculturist. Yet he would have been as puzzled to indite the most common-place of editorial articles as to write a racy and sensational feuilleton; he knew no more of electricity or dynamics than he knew about astronomy or anatomy, which was absolutely nothing at all; and he had never had a spade in his hands in all his life of sixty years. It was his function, let us explain, to conduct the department of Agricultural Chemistry, Scientific Viticulture and Riparian Hygiene in the columns of that well-established and influential journal, the *Courrier Méridional*, where he discoursed learnedly of nitrites and nitrates, and phosphites and phosphates, whose acquaintance he made in Government reports, and the works of other scientists like himself. While this labor did not call for the exercise of imagination or rhetorical brilliancy, it called for a man of industry, accuracy and application; and for one fully capable of

taking himself seriously and manipulating the inorganic elements with zeal, if not with enthusiasm.

It is the good fortune of kingdoms that they are born presumably respectable and inferentially permanent. With the most logically constructed of new republics, however, the inference and presumption are both the other way. Thus it comes to pass that the *respectabilization* of a new republic is often a matter of much concern to its promoters; and frequently offers an opportunity to a humble and needy patriot to utilize a modest stock of personal virtue and solidity which, under the less anxious conditions of a monarchy, would probably be of no value except to the owner.

"The joke on M. Peptonneau" originated at a time when the Republic was far from being firmly established, under an Executive that has long since gone to join the only majority that can be absolutely relied upon. This Executive was in want of an official organ—not in want of an organ, by any means, for it had organs enough to bewilder the wisest of administrations with contradictory counsels—but of an organ that might justly be termed "official" in the most intimate and discreet sense of the word—a newspaper that could utter delicate hints, ingeniously make forecasts, and suggest tentative measures in a non-committal way. In fact, this particular Executive wanted a faithful and experienced journalistic butler to exercise discretion at its front door; and it had pitched upon that standard old provincial journal, the *Courrier Méridional*, in preference to any of the more brilliant but less trustworthy Parisian prints.

Thus did a lifetime of respectability serve a very good and very stupid old journal; and M. Peptonneau, who shared in the prosperity of his paper, was in himself a worthy reflection of the tastes and ideas of the institution he served.

It was not generally known, however, that the editorials of the *Courrier*, so sage, so sonorous, so discreet, were written by an assemblage of feather-brained young men whose only ambition in life was to make enough money to go to Paris and live the life of the Parisian dandies and loungers.

It was these young people who put up the "joke on M. Peptonneau." One morning as he passed through the general room of the office, on the way to his own private and personal den, he passed through a group of these youngsters, who were discussing the approaching festival of the Fourteenth of July, when, in the chief city of the Department, the great and popular Prime Minister, himself a native of the county, was to make a great speech in which, it was privately understood, he had engaged himself to intimate that for a specimen and example of a free press serving as a bulwark to an enlightened government, he could not do better than to point to the *Courrier Méridional*, that etcetera of etcetera, an illustrious etcetera of etcetera.

This would be the first public announcement of the *Courrier's* officiality—a fact, for the rest, sufficiently well known to all its unsuccessful rivals.

"Say, Papa Peptonneau," said Hector de Longueville, an easy-going, good-natured young man, who wrote leading articles of uncompromising severity, "we shall have you with us on the Fourteenth, shall we not?"

"I think not," said the old man, good-naturedly; "not unless you want to get me a new coat six weeks before my time."

It was a tradition of the office that M. Peptonneau got a new coat twice a year, on the first of March and on the first of September. His good-humored allusion to the fact rather threw the laugh against Hector, who endeavored to retrieve himself.

"But this is no question of a coat, M. Peptonneau," he said; "it is a matter of uniform this time."

"Of uniform?" repeated the old man, vaguely troubled.

"Why certainly," said the young man; "of uniform." And he turned to his companions: "Have you not told M. Peptonneau that we go to the festival in uniform?" he said to the sporting editor, M. Paul Chantal, a young man who wore whiskers and tried to look like an Englishman. He was an inveterate jester, and he caught at the idea at once.

"I thought he knew it," he said indifferently; "it has been talked about enough. Did not you tell M. Peptonneau, Gontran?" he said, turning to the third of the three inseparables, as the younger members of the *Courrier* staff were called. This was M. Gontran de Kérouec, a tall, dark young man with a pointed beard who had already published a book on political economy, and who was suspected of entertaining serious political aspirations. Kérouec frowned slightly, not wholly relishing the jest.

"Ah," said Chantal quickly, as if in explanation of his comrade's manner, "Gontran does not want to talk about the uniforms. He does not like them; he thinks they are not in good taste. In fact, he made quite a time about it, did you not, Gontran?—and went to the Chief and objected."

To be invited to take part in a joke on another person is to be

(Continued on page 166, this number.)





HOOP-LA!

WANDERING WILLIAM (*as he strips the line*). — Never touched me! I tell yer what, dis 'ere crinoline is a life-preserver!

AN EXCUSE ALWAYS READY.

HENNESSEY MARTEL. — Why do you always eat coffee after drinking? Why don't you eat flag or orris root?

OLD OTARD. — Well, you see, my wife has become convinced by Dr. Rhubarb that coffee is intoxicating.

FEMININE THRIFT.

On willful waste the maiden frowns,
In saving she believes;
So she constructs of last year's gowns
This year's enormous sleeves.



NOT A PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY.

CHAPPIE. — Jess told me she would n't marry the handsomest man that ever lived.

MAY. — Well, that does n't affect your chances, does it?

BUT THEY DO ALL THE SAME.

The Poet is still getting in his deadly work on our public conveyances. This sign appears on a line of Brooklyn ferry-boats:

"Passengers are not allowed to put their feet,
Bundles, or packages on the seat."

THE FEMININE KIND.

MRS. INNIT. — The ladies of our set intend to form a secret society.

MR. INNIT. — What will be the penalty for divulging the secrets?

MRS. INNIT. — Oh! that's the object of the society. We are to tell each other all of them we know.

YET FREDDY KICKS.

Now Johnny tackles Freddy,
And shows his business head,
By trading for a foot-ball
His useless, broken sled.



A BULL IN A CHINA SHOP.

SALESMAN. — Can I show you any other glassware, Madam — sherry or port wine glasses? Here's something very handsome in a champagne goblet.

MRS. LATELY INNIT. — No; we never use any. But — er — if you have a nice claret cup I might take half a dozen.

FOR THE COLLECTION-BASKET.

CONGRESSMAN. — I intend to introduce a bill providing for the coinage of half-cents. If it passes, my re-election is assured.

FRIEND. — How do you make that out?

CONGRESSMAN. — All the church people in my district will vote for me.

HEADQUARTERS
— Hats.

THE FIRST MATE
— Eve.

"BALL BEAR-
INGS"—Arms
and Shoulders.



"A FORCED SMILE."

"LOOKERS ON see more than the players"—but not unless they are admitted behind the scenes.

IT IS EASIER for a man to find his own name in a newspaper when it is there than it is for him to locate a double-leaded article with a scare-head.

flattered almost as subtly and effectively as by the imputation of having a pretty woman in love with you. Kérouec had too much personal dignity to permit him to approve unreservedly of the practical joke either in the abstract or in the concrete. But he felt that his histrionic powers, which were really fine, had been called upon, and that in loyalty to his comrades he must join them in mystifying the old man. He got off the table on which he had been sitting, and began to walk away, with the air of a man who declines longer to continue an unpleasant subject of conversation.

"To my mind," he said, "it is in the worst of taste, and will reflect no credit upon us either as journalists or as Republicans. However, I have said what I had to say, and it has been disregarded. Let that end the matter."

"But what —" began M. Peptonneau, amazed and puzzled; "I do not understand."

"Why," said de Longueville, in an explanatory way, "it is just simply this: M. Lecadi has got a notion in his head which is insane enough; but I suppose we must yield to it. He is determined that, being the official journal of the Government, we shall all go to the festival on the Fourteenth of July in a uniform designed for the purpose, just as though we were soldiers or sailors employed by the Government. Now, do you understand?"

"Impossible!" cried the old man, indignantly. "The Government would never sanction such a piece of foolishness!"

"But it seems they have," said Gontran de Kérouec, yawning listlessly as he paused at the door of his private office; "and you will have to put on your tri-colored coat, Papa Peptonneau, like all the rest of us, or —"



And he made a gesture, suggesting a sudden and rapid fall, that in the office of the *Courrier Méridional*, which was situated at the top of five flights of stairs, had long been used to signify dismissal from service. Then he disappeared, closing the door after him.

With the end of avoiding any further explanations, Longueville and Chantal made haste to follow his example.

"We must be off," said the latter; "we go to press half-an-hour earlier than usual to-night; the railroad service is so delayed by the preparation for the Fourteenth that we can no longer send our papers by the last train. It's stupid, all the same," he concluded, hurrying his companion off the scene; while M. Peptonneau, with an expression of anxious despondency, went to his desk. He wrote all day, but with a troubled brow, and when, at nightfall, he left

the office, he had written only three-quarters of a column, instead of the column-and-a-quarter, which the printers were used to expecting from him.

The joke had an immediate and assured success. In the language of the young men, M. Peptonneau had "bitten," and, once having bitten, he held on with an amazing tenacity, swallowing the bait with hardly a gulp. It never seemed to occur to him to doubt the monstrous absurdity; having once accepted the idea that rational and respectable men of letters could be confronted with the possibility of a humiliation so grotesque, he seemed to find nothing incredible in the extravagances and exaggerations which the three young men invented for his benefit with an unbounded ingenuity. By degrees, too, they let the whole office into their joke, which everybody found highly amusing.

Everywhere that M. Peptonneau went in the office of the *Courrier* he was the centre of a conspiracy both malicious and mischievous; and by a hundred clever bits of acting, all apparently spontaneous and unforced, the old man was deluded into believing that, in obedience to a crazy whim of the proprietor of the paper, M. Lecadi, every member of the staff, in both the business and editorial offices, was to go to the approaching festivities attired in a livery designed to indicate them as government employees. It would have been difficult indeed for him not to be convinced, with fresh evidence confronting him at every turn. Here he would come upon a couple of clerks indignantly discussing the supposed situation in furtive whispers; and calculating the possibilities of retaining their places should they disobey the tyrannical edict. Then he would hear one of the poorer employees deploring the necessity of paying sixty-five francs for a costume that could be worn but one day and must thereafter be useless. "If it were for a masked ball, even!" the man would mutter dolefully; and M. Peptonneau felt his heart-strings drawn at the thought that this ridiculous uniform must cost him good money, besides fastening upon him a degrading affront.

One day Hector de Longueville, who had some skill in drawing, led him into the publisher's private office during the temporary absence of M. Lecadi, and showed him, carelessly thrown among a pile of loose

papers, a colored sketch scribbled over with pencil notes, marked "Design for Professional Uniform, ordered by M. Lecadi." It represented a hideously fantastic costume, with top-boots, pipe-clay belt and a broad-brimmed felt hat with a plume, something between the dress of a Tyrolese *Jäger* and an English groom. M. Peptonneau accepted this monstrous creation without a doubt.

"But I can not wear it," he said; "it is impossible. No; never in my life could I wear such a thing as that!"

He had told his wife of the uniform, and she had received the news with disgust and anger. When he told of the boots and the belt and the plumed hat, she exploded in a fury of abuse and reproach, and called him a spiritless slave; while, on the other hand, if he ventured to hint of giving up his position, she accused him of taking the bread out of her mouth and of wishing to rob his daughter's children. On the whole, M. Peptonneau had a hard time of it; and he could not even seek distraction in work, for at all hours the figure of himself clothed in that pitiful and fantastic costume came between him and his nitrates and phosphates. The series of papers which he was writing on "The Relation of Odor to the Strength of Artificial Fertilizers" was hopelessly ruined; most of the papers lacking, as he himself said, his usual fire and spirit.



The joke shortly began to assume such dimensions that it became advisable for the conspirators to let the heads of the establishment into their scheme, lest the mysterious whisperings and hole-and-corner confidences should suggest to their employers the existence of a disloyal intrigue. The literary head of the paper, M. Riboulet, was a serious man; a political enthusiast who firmly believed that in the propagation of the ideas to which he subscribed lay the only hope of the country's continued existence. He listened to what Chantal told him, with a vague and absent-minded expression on his long, melancholy face; and forced a smile as if he were humoring a prattling child. Then he dismissed the matter from his mind altogether.

With M. Lecadi, the publisher, it was another affair altogether. He was a great strapping Norman, with a big stomach, a round face, a bristling beard and a laugh deep, sonorous and hearty. When he heard of the joke on M. Peptonneau, he slapped his fat thighs and shook with irrepressible mirth until the tears coursed down his red cheeks.

"Old daddy Peptonneau in a plumed hat!" he cried, shaking like a mould of jelly; "oh, but it is delicious, my children, delicious!"

And when at last M. Peptonneau, driven to desperation by the furious reproaches of his wife, came to the private office of M. Lecadi, and with a pallid face said, "M. Lecadi, I have come to tell you that I can not wear your uniform," the sturdy publisher of the *Courrier Méridional* was so convulsed with suppressed merriment that de Longueville, who was present, thought he would have an apoplectic fit. But M. Lecadi was somewhat of a joker himself, and he loved nothing better than to play a good trick on his serious and sober-minded editor. He recovered himself, and said:

"You will not wear the uniform, M. Peptonneau; the project has been given up. It was only a wild idea of M. Riboulet.

His patriotism is somewhat fantastic, you know. I have convinced him that, for men of the world, his notion is impracticable. There will be no uniform."

"I am very glad to hear it," said M. Peptonneau, feebly, wiping the cold moisture from his brow with his old red pocket-handkerchief. "I myself had thought it would have been indecorous — yes, I may say it — indecorous."

A good joke is said to last long. Sometimes, too, it goes far. While M. Peptonneau and his wife were thanking Heaven that they had been spared from an imminent and terrible danger, the story of his mystification was being whispered around the town in a score of incomplete and incorrect versions, which did not grow more veracious as they passed from mouth to mouth.

The next week, *le High-Life*, a ribald little paper popular among the Parisian men-about-town, contained the following paragraph:

"CURIOUS PRODUCT OF PROVINCIAL TASTE. — We learn on good authority that the editor of a certain provincial journal, the character and length of whose editorial articles have earned for it the nick-name of 'The Night-Cap,' has conceived the brilliant idea of sending all his employees, clerks, reporters, sub-editors and contributors, male and female, to the festival of the Fourteenth, gorgeously arrayed in a uniform of his own designing, (founded, it is said, on fashions of the Sixteenth century,) and carrying battle axes. The scheme was probably suggested by the fact that the paper in question has for



some time past been cherishing a hope, as ridiculous as it is vain, of being selected as the official organ of the government. Fancy a provincial official organ—and in uniform at that!"

Within another week a half-a-dozen Parisian and a half-a-hundred provincial journals had repeated the story, in various phases of error and exaggeration. A polite stranger, subsequently identified as a gentleman in the employ of the government, called upon Madame Peptonneau while her husband was at the office, ostensibly to inquire into the character of a servant; and beguiled that estimable lady, who was nothing if not loquacious, into talking at considerable length. Two days later, M. Lecadi and M. Riboulet were summoned to Paris by a very curt and unpleasant communication from the Minister of Public Affairs, and received a decided intimation that their presence at the ceremony of the Fourteenth, in or out of uniform, would be regarded as improper and offensive; and that the *Courrier Méridional* would

do well to suppress for the future any political tendencies. In the great speech which the popular Prime Minister delivered on the Fourteenth of July, his references to the Free Press serving as a bulwark to an enlightened government were coupled with the name of a well-known Parisian journal; and about the same time three brilliant young provincial journalists found their time at their own disposal.

It is said that the only person in the town who never heard of the "joke on M. Peptonneau" is M. Peptonneau himself.



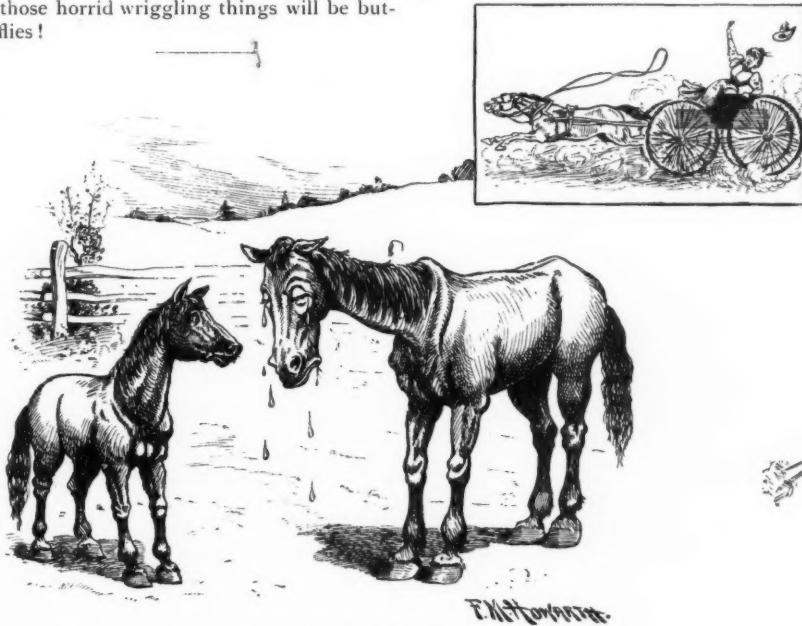
ANOTHER IMPOSITION.

PROPRIETOR.—How came this new postage stamp in the money-drawer?

CLERK.—That's my mistake, sir. I took it in for a two-dollar bill.

THE WONDERS OF NATURE.

GLADYS (from Wellesley).—Oh, Uncle Rufus! do look at these tadpoles in this pool; and to think that some day all those horrid wriggling things will be butterflies!



A RECREANT SPOUSE.

COLT.—Why this sadness, Mommer? why those tears?

THE MOTHER.—Ah, my son! 'Tis great trouble I have. Your father ran off with a woman this morning.

A DANGEROUS PRACTICE.

STANDISH.—I see that certain influential citizens of New York are protesting against the practice of giving Irish names to the apes, gorillas, and chimpanzees in the Park.

VAN UPTON.—Well, the thing ought to be stopped. Before long those animals would get it into their heads that they really were Irish, and would be wanting to run the city.

COULD N'T QUALIFY.

CHOLLY SOFTPATE.—I see nawthing—aw—degwading in laboh. If I should lose me fohtune, ye know, I could eahn me living as a waitah.

MAY CUTTING.—Don't you think it!—the Union would n't have you. You could n't raise whiskers!



THE BEAUTIES OF SCIENCE.

OCHENHEIMER.—Ah, Repecca, dose Science vos a great comfort!

MRS. OCHENHEIMER.—How so, Isaac?

OCHENHEIMER.—Vy, a two-tollar handt-glass can make a veller dink he vos so rich as a millionaire!

AND THE THERMOMETER FELL.

"I've got an awful cold," said the Weather.

"What are you taking for it?" asked the Wind.

"A drop of mercury every hour."



HIS GOSPEL.

FANNY SCADS.—Papa looked you up yesterday, and is not at all satisfied with your prospects.

KIRBY STONE.—But if I could only see him for a few minutes, I'm sure I could convince him.

FANNY SCADS.—It would be useless. With Papa, Bradstreet speaks louder than words.





C. J. Taylor



A FEASIBLE PLAN.

NEIGHBOR. — Every time you feed your dog, he brings the bones over and gnaws them on my premises. Is n't there some way to stop it?

OWNER. — Suppose *you* feed him, hereafter; then he'll probably bring them over and gnaw them on my premises.

DOES NOT DARE TO.

JOHN BULL. — No, sir; the sun never sets on the British Empire.
UNCLE SAM. — It is afraid of the ugly duckling it would hatch out, if it did.

PEDIGREE,

The illustrious line that bore his name
He's very proud to show one;
But their pale ghosts must blush for shame,
For he himself is no one.

John Ludlow.



KEEPING HIM AT A DISTANCE.

MRS. BLEWER-BLUD. — That tailor of yours is getting very familiar. He had the insolence to salute me on the street to-day. I think such people should be kept at a distance.

MR. BLEWER-BLUD. — Well, my dear, I'm sure I've done all I could! I've stood that man off now for two years.

COULD N'T SEE THE BAD SIDE.

"Your article on the 'Evils of the Pool Room' was pretty mild, Hawkins," said the Editor.

"Well, I could n't help it," returned Hawkins. "I put up two dollars when I went in to investigate Parly's Pool Room, and ten minutes later I got sixty back."

NO ROOM FOR IT.

"The advance of time," said the Misogynist, "has improved everything but woman."

"True;" returned Miss Smarte. "Woman has been perfect from the first."

MATCHES V/S. MATCHES.

CHARLEY DE CAY. — Mrs. De Lively seems to be quite a match-maker since her marriage.

ONE OF HER VICTIMS. — Yes; and she seems to make a specialty of friction matches.

THE BOARDERS' FAT SNAP.

"My boarders are all getting fat," said she;

One boarder replied with disdainful mien:

"Your boarders, full well they know that," said he;

"They're onto your oleomargarine."



Flattop.

FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.

NEWLY IMPORTED DOMESTIC. — Th' ledly tould me to be sure to put th' parley lamp out for th' noight. Oi've heerd tell of puttin' th' dog out and puttin' the cat out; but, by th' saints above us, Oi can't see th' sinse av puttin' a lamp out!

A WOMAN MAY be perfectly sure of anything and be willing to swear to it, and still there is room for doubt; but when she comes down to cold cash and is willing to bet a dollar on it, then it is worthy of entire confidence.

MCGIVIN (*to MCGAVEN, on railroad grade*). — An' d' yez know Mr. Gilmartin? A foine mon he is! Gives ye sixteen giggers a day, sugar in yer caffy, swatenin' in yer tay, a quhart at noight av ye choose; and devil a cint will he charge — only teks it out av yer wages.



HOFFMAN HOWES. — Philadelphia is the most miserable, tiresome hole on the earth!

HAWTHORN HEDGES. — Sh-h-h! You know the old Latin proverb, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*."

GOODUN. — "The wages of sin is death."

BADUN. — Yes; and when they are paid, it is a fellow's own ghost that walks.

In these days of progress, the **BEST** is just good enough for a buyer who pays his honest Dollars.

Among Pianos the **BEST** is the

139-155 E. 14th St.,
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San Francisco.

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We will furnish all but the **Fish.**

Send 5 cts. for 100 page Illustrated Catalogue of Fishing Tackle.

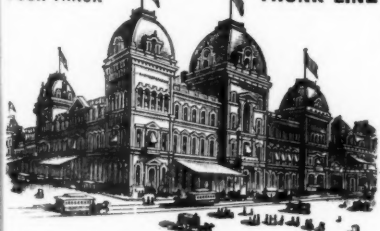
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HE ADMITTED IT.

THE GOODLY MAN. — My son, I am afraid your eyes are as yet unopened.
THE GODLESS YOUTH. — Your're right, sir; I did n't have a chance to get a cocktail before I left this morning.

No Anti-Pyrine in Bromo-Seltzer.
Cures all headaches — Trial bottle 10c.

Flowers are beautiful. Iron is useful. Varnish is both. It beautifies the earth. It protects wood as if it were covered with a film of transparent metal — but it must be fine varnish.

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Kolumbus

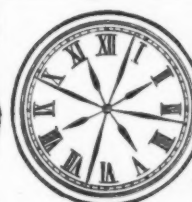
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Hires' Root Beer

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A home-made drink.
A health-giving drink.
A thirst-quenching drink.
A drink that is popular everywhere.
Delicious, Sparkling, Effervescent.

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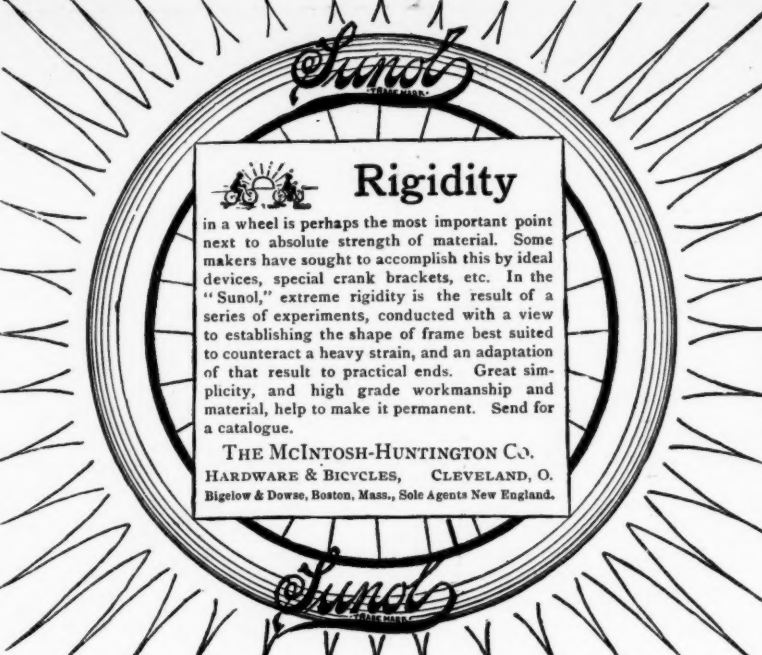
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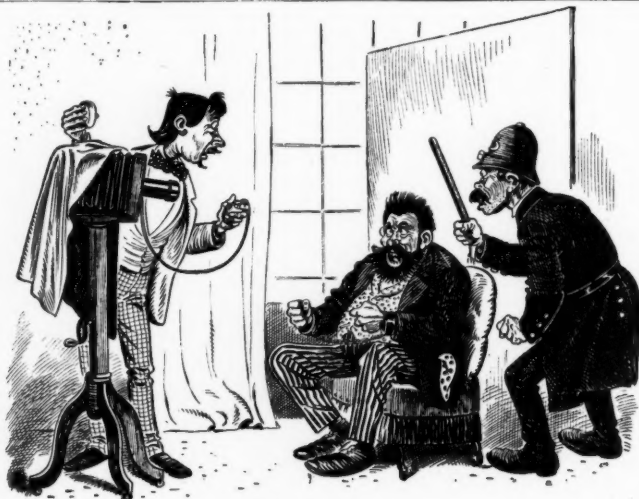
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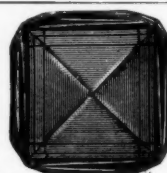


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PAT. DEC. 30, '90.

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Our cellars, extending from Warren to Chambers St.,
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I have submitted A. Werner & Co.'s Extra Dry to
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BOVRIL nourishes thoroughly.
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MRS. SERELEAF. — Go away! I give nothing to tramps.
TRAMP (wiping away a shimmering tear). — Ah, lady! I once had a wife as good looking as you
are, but —
MRS. SERELEAF (affected). — Go around to the kitchen, poor fellow, and while you eat your dinner,
I'll listen to your sad story.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S
SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes
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colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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9th Crop, 25 cents.

Valuable but not Costly.

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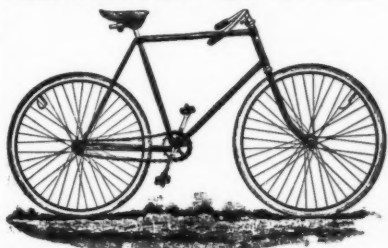
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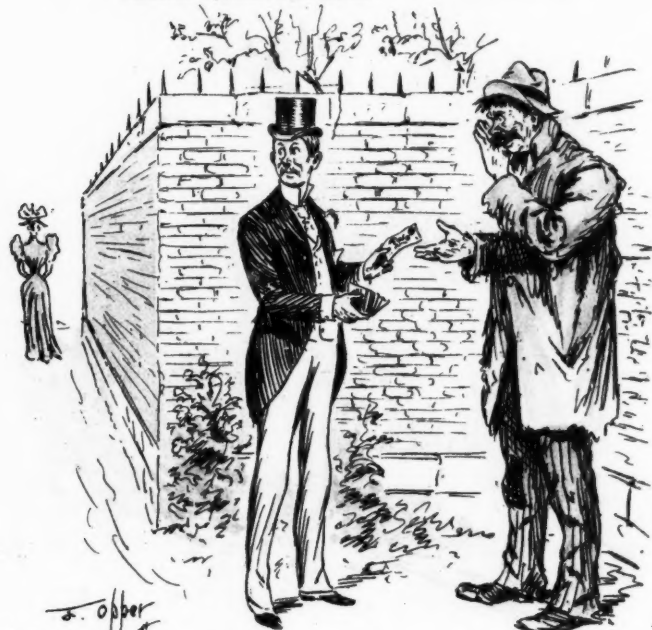
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